MIKE
Plex Romer.

Mike had found the thing scuba-diving. Swimming's good for his back pain... Mike's just about had it up to *here*... Did they have milk, back at the house?
--And he's gone in the cupboard again. All over my work stuff, the little shit.
Yo! Fish-man!
Do it already!
Pshh.

Holy shit! It's one of those giants!
It's all the chemicals in the food. It's shrunk us all.
My kids look *nothing* like me, my *back* is *ruined*, I can't--
Hey. Woah there. Mike. Put a lid on it, huh? Be a man. Come on.
-- But why were you diving here in the first place? It's way out of the way.
Bingo! There's no one around to bug you.
Lady, I've got problems like you wouldn't believe...
... And you can't hear hardly any of them underwater.
--But this guy here's I think ... Something ... There's a wizard who's made him come to life...

First--hey presto--the whole thing went south. Then, Wizard got canned.
Then they concreted this giant freak from the inside. Turned him into a light-house. I reckon.
This doo-dad here was tucked in his pocket.
I know a guy who killed a guy with one of those.
They look *nothing* like me... I don't need that. Not even half of that. And all they want to eat is nuggets.
Sucks to be you, I guess. --And hey, I'm keeping this box thing.
Breakfast, lunch, dinner... "Daddy, can you turn the oven on for nuggets?"
That-a-way forever, Mike. One foot in front of the other. Off, into silence.
My sister's kids are a nightmare. Shit-bags all of them... Vodka in the plastic bottle...

Hey, if I turn around, does he point the other way? Is this a trick?
...Or do you go the other way? Do you say, "Hey, nugg-
ets aren't so bad"? I guess...
...I guess you just have to make a decision. Right, Mike?
Shit... I'm not going to get home until after 7...
Does Deb have tennis tonight?... Better get the oven on by 8 ... Did we have any milk left?
--I say you can do whatever. We're not even really married. I just said.
Wait. Did you say a guy *brained* some-one with one of these?
My sister and Jake aren't married either. He's so beautiful...
Could I?...
Mike, let me ask you some-thing. Do you think I'll still be *me*? After I've killed?
... *Could I?*
So you're into the dad, huh?
Mike had to take off.
I guess mum will have to take care of the kids...
Oh, god... Their stupid, red, snivelling faces...
I'm coming Jakey...
Poor mum... I hope there's nuggets there.